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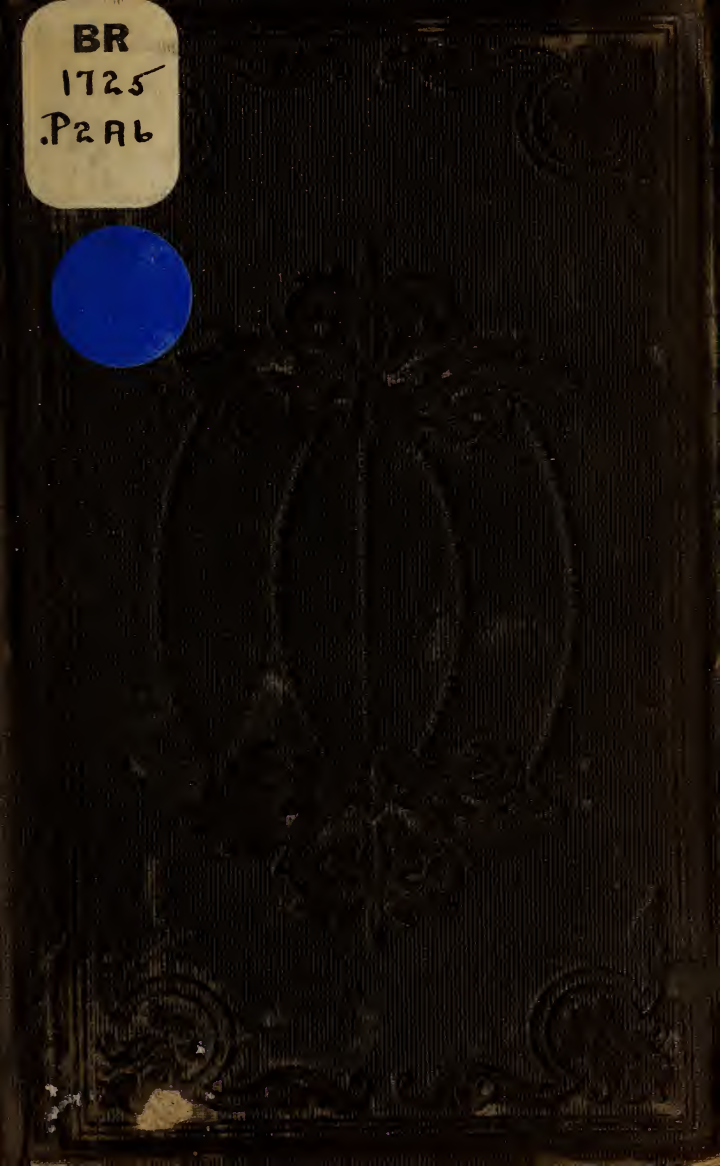

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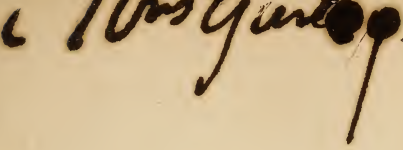

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MEMOIR

OF

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MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY HISTORY, AND LABOURS FOR THE SLAVES.

St. Paul speaks of the saints as chosen in Christ to the praise and glory of his grace. It was given to the subject of the following notice to fulfil the purpose of her election in so remarkable a degree, that a number of Christian friends and ministers have requested the author to prepare a brief account of her life, it being one well calculated, in the judgment of all who knew her, to make a deep impression of the reality and power of religion.

Mrs. Anne Randolph Page was born on the 3d of December, 1781, at Chatham, near Fredericksburg, Virginia. She was the eldest daughter of Colonel Richard Kidder Meade—descended from a respectable English family, and educated at the celebrated school at Eton,

under the walls of Windsor castle. In the war of the American revolution, Colonel Meade became the aid, and a favourite officer of General Washington, being associated in his military family with Hamilton, Pinckney, and Laurens, in the memorable campaign of 1777 and 1778.

Her mother was remarkable for the strength and purity of her religious feelings. Firm and discreet in the government of her children, she instructed them minutely and thoroughly in all parts of Christian duty, and this in so solemn and affectionate a manner, as to inspire them with the greatest veneration and love for her. It was a striking trait in the character of both parents, that they lived in great simplicity and plainness, (when they possessed the means of doing otherwise,) in order that they might be able to sustain works of charity. Their example in this respect was not lost upon their children. As an evidence of the wisdom of their domestic government, their children's reverence for the parental will continued without abatement after the age and infirmities of the parents had withdrawn them from their stations in the family. The subject of this memoir, after the lapse of forty

years, had the liveliest impressions of maternal example and instruction—kept her sayings fresh in her memory—attributed her subsequent attainments in religion to the early direction her mind had received—and in her last moments expressed her wish to rejoin her society.

Mrs. Page was the subject of early religious impressions. She speaks of herself as having found pleasure in the exercises of religion at the age of fourteen. In her seventeenth year she received for the first time the sacrament of the Lord's supper; but as it appears, very much in conformity with the custom of the times, having had no definite impression of the doctrine of the new birth.

It would not be singular, if in that day she fell into the error—alas so general in our own —of making a personal profession of religion upon no other ground than that of some serious feelings upon the subject, mistaking conviction for conversion, or regarding the communion as a means of conversion, instead of a means of grace to the converted. But grace pursued the subject of this narrative, and suffered her not to rest under this delusion. She was arrested by conviction, and fell under a dread

of "judgment to come," of which, she says she had before had no conception.

In the year 1799, being in her eighteenth year, she was united in marriage to Matthew Page, Esq., of Annfield, in the County of Frederick, a gentleman of high respectability, and the proprietor of one of the largest estates in that part of Virginia.

Her new position was calculated to draw her mind farther from God—surrounded by a numerous circle of worldly friends, in the general habit of Sunday dining parties, possessing wealth, and under strong temptations to a life of fashionable indulgence. There was also, at this time, an almost entire want of evangelical ministers in the Episcopal Church in Virginia. The few religious books then in circulation were exceedingly defective, the best of them partaking largely of such faults as are found in "Law's Serious Call." The best instructed Christians seem to have but obscurely understood the doctrines of man's depravity, the all-sufficiency of Christ, and the free justification of a sinner through faith.

But while thus unfavourably situated, God, who is rich in mercy, in his great love wherewith he loved her, led her, by means of his

own selection, to a deep and thorough conviction of sin. Feeling the incapacity of all temporal things to content the soul, and forgetful of them all, she began to cry, *What shall I do to be saved?* But there were none to tell her. Without ministers, without books, and without friends who could understand her present feelings, she walked her private chamber in tears, feeling that she was cast upon God alone. Possibly she was intentionally so left by Providence, in the beginning, to judge for herself, in the most important of all concerns, with no other light than the Bible, as she was often called in after life to act independently of the judgment of others. The finger of God is often visible in the early training of those servants whom he designs for great usefulness.

But this part of her experience will be best related in her own words. "The spring I was married, and the summer following, I went with the customs of the neighbourhood; but in the ensuing spring—well I remember the day—a slight accident affecting my health, seemed to awaken me as from a dream. The idea of death was so strongly presented to my

mind, as to fill me with horror, although I had before contemplated it without fear. But now my thoughts became alarming, and my health declined. I dined out as seldom as possible, —impressed as I was by the sense of an approaching judgment, where the scriptures told me, time and all other talents must be accounted for.

"I cried to God in my distress, but cried in vain. From my earliest youth the song and the dance had had great attraction to me. But now all was changed. And what I had regarded as religious enjoyment was also gone. Prayer was a dead thing. The time had now come when God was about to show me myself, and the sight brought me near to despair. If I stood before a mirror to arrange my clothing, the thought that this mortal frame was condemned already, filled me with dread. Views of sin, and the just desert of sin, filled my mind, while I had not a ray of hope from the sacrifice of Christ. I laid on my pillow as Cowper expressed his experience, 'in horror, and awoke only to despair.' My dreams were in consonance with my state of mind. In vain did I fast and pray, until fasting and prayer became almost the objects of sole attention.

No comfort came from week to week, and from month to month. In vain I would early rise and late take rest—reading my Bible and other books—sometimes determining to take no rest until I had found pardon. Sometimes I strove to find comfort in hymns. I well remember two which I dwelt upon much; one, 'From whence these direful omens round,' the other, 'When dangers, woes, and death are nigh.' The last verse of the former—

'Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain,
Oh save me whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed nor die in vain,'—

was often my resort in times of greatest distress. And when peace was given, my feelings found expression in the following:—

"All-glorious God, what hymns of praise," &c.

Ah! those scenes which I passed through! My soul hath them still in remembrance, nor would I ever forget them. It is pleasing to me to remember all the circumstances connected with them, even the season of the year, the kind of weather, and the various occurrences which took place during a period indelibly graven on my heart, by reason of the sufferings I had now at length laid on me by my faithful Saviour."

It would have been pleasing to have found a fuller account of her experience when the "peace" alluded to above was given, but all the writings which she left were found in her writing case upon loose pieces of paper, and were evidently composed as aids in her hours of private devotion. The following has reference to the same subject. "Oh thou who hast a feeling for our infirmities, look upon me now with an eye of pity. Once despair and failing of heart well nigh brought me to the grave; but thou, my Saviour, my God, didst show thyself mighty to save.

'Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat in prayer,
Mercy heard and set him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me.

Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now—
Who could hold me up but thou.'"

Although no extended account of her experiences at the time of her conversion is found among her papers, it is easy to ascertain what they were from occasional allusions to them when writing upon other topics. Despairing at length of all help in creatures, and of any ability in herself to make God propitious by

any external reformation or services, she cast her soul upon his free mercy through Christ, encouraged only by his promises to the guilty and perishing, she received grace to plead the all-perfect righteousness of her Redeemer, and by faith relied upon him wholly for acceptance with God. So doing, her burden presently fell off, and she found herself a new creature. The following papers throw light upon the state of her mind at this time.

"Communion with God is the highest joy my soul is capable of receiving. It elevates my views above the changes and tumults of this mortal state, and gives a 'serene affiance,' which I feel to be a foretaste of heaven. Yet is my spirit often unnerved and cold in the duty,—the glorious privilege of communing with God. And is it thus, blessed Redeemer, with one whom thou dost never forget? Look down, look down, and help thy servant to rise to thee. Behold I am helpless and needy, and encompassed with sin. I know not how to look to Thee, yet to Thee only can I look, when weary and heavy-laden. My Saviour's voice—"Come unto me, ye that labour," sounds through my heart, and awakens my confidence.

"Thy love has for some days past, pressed almost singly upon my view. Oh sweet supporter of my soul, while on my bed of sickness, most justly might my spirit have been given up to anxious care about the body, but thy love came over me with such an all-pervading, sanctifying power, as engrossed my soul, absorbed all my powers, and left none for those anxieties which often afflicted me in my daily course with this wicked world."

"Here is my comfort in all trouble—the gift of the Son of God! The price is paid for every thing I want, both for myself and others. But I—faithless, am often filled and borne down with creature anxieties—the very opposite of faith. Oh, the want of faith! It seems the root of all sin."

"My soul, with groanings which cannot be uttered, casts a longing, lingering look upon the blood-stained cross, where every hope of man must centre. Mercy—free mercy is my cry, and in every groan my spirit sends upward on this and other errands, the blood of the Son of God is my dependence. This is my all, for earth and heaven.

She became a diligent student of the word of God without note or comment. Her attainments in it, in a short time, would have been truly surprising to older Christians, who did not know the extraordinary preparation she had for the discovery of truth.

She desired, aimed at, and intended nothing less than absolute conformity to it in all things. The result was the speedy attainment of clear and strong views, both of doctrine and duty, and a full assurance of her acceptance.

The practical and doctrinal views which she thus formed, she some time after found confirmed much to her joy, in the writings of Dr. Thomas Scott, and other evangelical writers of his day.

Life now presented to her objects and prospects altogether new. Surrounded, indeed, by every inducement to live for the world, and to indulge in that useless and selfish style too often produced by wealth and the possession of a large number of slaves—but these had no attractions to her now. What others pursued as objects of serious concern, appeared to her like toys and childish things.

As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

Though of a weak constitution of body, she had a remarkable energy of mind, and an irrepressible desire to follow her Master's example in doing good. In her situation, a heart less conscious of the obligation of redeeming grace, or less apprehensive of the nature and awful consequences of sin, might have discovered little to do. Not so with her. She had first a work of reformation in her own manner of life, as to the occupation of time, which may be gathered from her own language in the following paper——"The practice of dining out was at that time carried to a great extent in our neighbourhood. I soon began to feel that my fellow creatures in bondage upon the plantations ought to take the place in my mind and time, of this frequent dining about. I was giving my time and powers to my equals in life, who were not wanting them, while these dependent poor suffered for both. These views continued to gain strength until the fear of God enabled me to overcome the fear of man, and I assumed courage to refuse an invitation. On being rallied by a friend shortly after, for absenting myself from the party, I was not courageous enough to avow the principal reason, but assigned what was in part

true, that I had been engaged in domestic preparations for the winter. Not long after this, on a Sabbath after church, I was going, according to the general custom, to dine out; but the Spirit of God spoke better counsel, and enabled me to turn into a solitary November home, without a white person near. This was the first time I had returned home on Sunday from a religious motive. I shut myself up in my room, where my soul was engaged with the thoughts of judgment and eternity. While thus engaged in my chamber, an old blind negro woman was led in, who was a dear child of God. We began a conversation in which she used expressions respecting entire confidence in Christ, which made an indelible impression upon my mind, being quite clear to me at this distant period. I think I owe her, under God, much of my religious joy in after years. Dear old creature, I often visited her in her cottage, and witnessed the evidences of her triumphant faith. She was a living example of Christ formed in the soul, the hope of glory."

All her time was now conscientiously employed for the best ends. It was her daily effort to effect some good for others, especially

her numerous connexions, who were not only worldly for the most part, but quite incapable of appreciating the feelings under which she acted. But love is fruitful in expedients, and she found many means of making good impressions, many instances of which have come to the writer's knowledge since her decease. By her serious and affectionate discourse, numbers were in the course of years led to feel the vast importance of religion. Seldom was her house visited by any person, upon whose mind she did not aim directly to make some profitable impression, confirming her own words by a book or tract, or paper containing some striking piece which she had laid aside for such a purpose. Of such works she distributed a great number, embracing a considerable library of religious works. She made it a duty to keep herself prepared for such occasions, as her house was much frequented, though going but little into company herself.

The following is one of a large number of papers of a similar kind, composed under a great variety of circumstances, showing how every opportunity for usefulness was watched and sacredly improved, and by what spirit and means she was able in a private station to effect so much.

"Give me grace at this time to be of some service to the soul of a dear young relative, now on a visit to us. I know I am too unworthy to hope to do any thing for Thee of myself. Yet I must not,—cannot give up the hope of labouring, because so unprovided in myself. Thy supplies have been ever open for me to draw from in my own experience, and now, Oh thou Saviour of lost sinners, thou Light in darkness, thou Deliverer in extreme despair, look upon the case which I now bring before Thee: give me to think, and speak, and act, with a view to the everlasting benefit of this young person, and also for the poor infidel, his fellow traveller. Enlighten his dark mind, and let not his skeptical expressions sink into the minds of my children or servants, who hear, as they pass, things so new to them."

"My unworthiness oppresses me. I have a task to perform, and I shrink from it under this plea—unworthiness. I have a clear view of some errors in a dear friend, which are a stumbling block in the way, and hinders that influence in winning others to Christ, which is so important. Long have I desired to be

faithful in communicating my views and fears, yet faithlessly have I dreaded doing evil, instead of looking up in strong confidence, and committing my way to my God, and trusting Him to effect the good which I plainly see might be done by such a procedure. Father, enable me to speak or write."

"Lord, thou seest the danger of friends meeting together, and never speaking to each other of Christ or his salvation, or aught pertaining to his kingdom. The danger and sin of such meetings has broken me off for many years from mingling much with company. I felt that it was unsafe for me, and now as I am, with much fearfulness, to commence again partially, teach me how to proceed in all my communications. Let me be so filled with Thee, that Christ may be upon my lips and in all my demeanour."

And again, upon the eve of going into company,—"Oh God, be with us in this interview, that all may be overruled to the sanctification of each one. When will the time come for our perfecting holiness in the fear of God? When shall the children of Zion meet to pass

the time, (now lamentably trifled away,) in forming great and glorious plans for their Redeemer's cause, in the souls of his creatures?"

"While I was on the road to the springs, Thou wast pleased to exercise my soul in a way of faith, in Thee, that I never before so fully experienced. In endeavouring to make some mental resolutions for the government of my conduct and my children's while there, I felt a faintness of heart seize me, and the tempter suggested in a manner very painful—Ah, why attempt to carry these desires into the form of *resolutions*,—suppose frail nature should give way, it will be worse with my soul than to let it range (with regard to these special subjects,) in the usual way of praying and trying to do my best. While thus troubled, this suggestion came sweetly over me;—Make the resolutions, but ground them all on Christ—*on Christ alone*. I was then filled with a victorious faith, that calmed, elevated, and strengthened my soul. And oh, glorious Immanuel, how didst thou carry me through with those resolutions? During the whole time of my stay, not one was broken!"

She was equally ready with her pen, where that method of approach seemed most expedient.*

In this way she became a light to the world as a city set on a hill. The ease and propriety with which religious conversation was introduced with the most opposite characters was often remarked. From the abundance of the heart the mouth spoke. "It were as easy to stop the sun from shining," says an old divine, "as to stop a gracious soul from spreading the light of that knowledge which God has imparted."

* A striking instance came within the author's knowledge from the copy of a letter which she had evidently not intended to preserve. Such changes have since taken place, that the circumstance may be related without impropriety. She had formed an acquaintance with a young man of promising talents who had determined to study for the ministry, but who she felt confident had never felt the power of experimental religion. She addressed to him a very solemn and affectionate letter, in which she expressed to him all her fears and the grounds of them, manifesting at the same time such a concern for his feelings and his best interests, as must have impressed him with the purity of her motives. She never communicated with any of her friends upon the subject, of which she assured him, and desired him at the same time not to answer her letter, but seriously to consider the question itself, as it was one in which his chief concern was with God.

She was early blessed as the instrument of bringing into the ministry her younger brother, the present Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of Virginia, whose influence in the revival of evangelical religion in that diocese is well known. She had an ardent desire for more extensive usefulness. But what could she do?—a feeble fearful female, and in many respects alone? She would willingly have gone as a missionary to any part of the world: but to this she was evidently not called. Yet restless love moved her to effort for Christ, and she soon found herself called by him to a great missionary work in her own country, and at her own home.

Upon her marriage, she found herself the mistress of an estate upon which there were more than two hundred slaves. This presented a field for charity like hers, and opened the important work for which, doubtless, Providence designed her. In addition to ordinary means of usefulness, she sought no greater pleasure or honour than to serve her Lord in the persons of "his poor," as she emphatically styled the dependent slave. There are many living witnesses of the extraordinary fidelity,

constancy, and affection with which she laboured in this field, from about the year 1810 until the day of her death.

The author has found it a difficult task to keep within the limits assigned to this narrative in selecting from her numerous excellent papers, connected with this subject. Like most of her other papers, they are in the form of prayer, which came at length to be the element in which she lived and moved. What Ashmun said of another devoted friend of the African race, might have been said in truth of Mrs. Page,—"her very thoughts were prayer."

These papers will be peculiarly interesting to all conscientious persons who have had to do with slaves. The first of those following was written in 1823, others earlier, and others are without date.

"Regard in mercy, oh God, the whole sad scene which thou hast caused me in mercy for so many years to mourn over, and bring before thee by night on my often sleepless bed—sleepless from pressing thoughts for some remedy for evils which continue because, alas, they are not considered evils. Thy sabbaths are profaned; thy word is not made known to

the throngs who inhabit the smoky huts, and till our fields. Their souls are as dear to thee as ours, who have the priceless treasure of thy word committed to us. Wilt thou not then visit for these things? Will not thy long-suffering at last come to an end? Shall thy sabbaths and thy word be deposited in our hands for the use of souls, and we wrap ourselves up in selfishness and forget that thou hast said that for all these things thou wilt bring us into judgment? Forbid it Lord. Awake us—arouse us—strike an alarm from the vast ocean of eternity which rolls so near! Give us to believe the awful threatenings against those who slight thy sabbaths and neglect to labour for souls committed to their charge, who let ignorance reign, and suffer thy people to be destroyed for lack of knowledge. Open our eyes to the gross and almost heathenish darkness which surrounds us. Take away our selfishness, and give us to care more for the bodies as well as the souls of our slaves, knowing that we must give an account of our stewardship.

"Have you considered, my children, the full amount of the evils of slavery? No, they

cannot be seen by human powers. They form a part of those hidden things of darkness, which are linked by a chain which reaches into the dominion of Satan, not only here on earth, but into his more complete dominion in the realms of deepest hell!

"Remember 'not many rich, not many noble, not many mighty are called.' Make not provision then, for the unnecessary indulgence of the flesh. We find many warnings to those in power, as to their neglect of the poor.

"We are especially tempted to make the poor subservient to our own indulgence when these poor are our bond slaves, and we can do as we like with them, and hush their murmurs by authority or by selling them. What charges did I receive on this subject from my mother? She would say 'your guests see your well-spread table, but God sees in the negro's cabin.'

"I earnestly desire to fix on a plan for the most speedy and advantageous delivery of these slaves from bondage, not only temporal but spiritual. Thou seest that all I design for them is their happiness in this world and in

that which is to come. It has been given me to bear their contradictions, and love them through all their opposition, and the hard life of care which they make me lead. But keep my own transgression ever in my view, that I may feel how much more inexcusable my sins against thee are, than any of my fellow-creatures can be against me."

"Oh my Father, from the distressing task of regulating the conduct of my fellow-creatures in bondage, I turn and rest my weary soul on thy parental bosom. Thy mysterious wisdom has ordained that the whole creation shall groan and travail in pain together for a season. Oh Lord, thy will is wiser than the will of thy creature. This thou hast said, that all who seek thee shall find deliverance from this thraldom, and we feel the fulfilment of this promise—yea, we even feel the verity of thy Son having died for us—we feel the love of our Father God, in the midst of all the sorrows that encompass us.

"My soul hath felt the awful weight of sin, so as to despair in agony—so as to desire that I had never had being. Oh God! then—then I felt the importance of a mediator, not only

to *intercede* but to *suffer* under the burden of my guilt."

—1825.

"Added to my own especial needs, I have to lay before thee this night, the case of one who professes to belong to thy fold, and dear to me for thy sake, my servant according to the flesh, but my sister in thy love. She lacks knowledge to adorn her profession, and I have often to reprove her for conduct which would be wrong in such as make no profession. This she takes not aright. Give her for Christ's sake a clearer light, that she may know how to walk, so as to bring honour to thy name, which she professes. I have ardently desired to try every means to bring her right, yet let me not give up in despair. Of myself, I never could have borne what I have with her, but faith and patience must be tried. To keep closer to thee, and feel thy wisdom working for me, is my only support. Correct what is wrong, both in her soul and mine, as thou seest what is wanting in both."

—1826.

"Father of mercies, I lack wisdom in dealing with my poor fellow creatures in bondage. My soul is troubled from day to day, to know

how to guide their erring way. My Father,—*our* Father, direct, control, suggest; strengthen me to my appointed task. Show them what they ought to do. Flesh and blood would faint under what I have to go through with; but thou upraisest me when borne down, or my spirit would fail in the labours of the way.

Oh thou who sweetenest all the cup to me, by giving to me a never-failing love for them, and enablest me to present them in the same petition with my own soul, I come now to ask for more wisdom in my outward dealings with them, and, that thou wouldst bless them with all the blessings of thy salvation."

—1828.

"The responsibilities of my station are weighty, but I am not overburdened by them, because God has told me to cast all my cares upon him, and has promised to uphold and direct me in them. And how has he made good this promise to me? First, in causing me to make known all my desires and plans to him in prayer, and then in bearing me onward through difficulties, in a spirit which I knew was not *my own.*

By nature irritable and proud, I have re-

ceived as a free gift, the spirit of overcoming love towards the poor of my own household. May I not be suffered to faint or tire in this work, though their uninformed minds place an undue estimate upon those designs which are intended for their temporal and eternal benefit."

To work by *others* at that time for slaves, was not practicable. And although for years almost a constant sufferer from weakness of body, she undertook a school for the young, and such others as were not employed upon the plantations. In this way, considerable classes were taught to read, and supplied with Testaments and Bibles. Access was also sought to the whole number, for some religious instruction. For their sakes she reduced such expenses as were within her control, to the lowest amount consistent with propriety, in order to prevent any necessity for their being sold. She also practised much self-denial, to procure the means of saving them from the vicious courses to which they were so much exposed, and so much inclined. Among so many, some were always sick, and in the course of years, many died. These she visited

with unwearied attention, and while she tenderly supplied their outward wants, she discoursed to them upon the salvation of the gospel in the most sweet and heavenly manner. For this she had a remarkable talent. The writer has heard her (both on such occasions, and when addressing those who continued obstinately in their wicked ways,) in a strain which affected him to tears. She was their friend in all their trials, and the protector of the oppressed and helpless. In this she sometimes displayed both courage and address so admirable, that praise can scarce exaggerate it. A single instance may be given in proof, without impropriety, in the following copy of a letter to an overseer.

Sir,—I see myself placed second in charge over the interests of the souls on this estate. I dare not before God keep back from serving them in every way in my power. I shall soon be called to meet them at the judgment seat of my Lord and Master. Think then, that what I have to say to you comes not from any slight or wavering principle. My soul takes hold on God, and speaks to you. I fear not man, nor the thoughts of man. In the name

of that God who rules all things, I warn you against prosecuting the plans you have begun, of injuring the innocent girl who lately lost her mother. That mother is received into heaven, and God, the Ruler of the universe, will protect her child. Turn to that God. Ask his all-powerful goodness to turn your soul to him; then will you shudder with horror, and see that as you are placed, you might be the father of the people whom you rule, while alas, you are but the betrayer. The sin of the world makes you think lightly of sin; but remember, if we follow the world to do evil, we shall be condemned with the world to eternal punishment. For the sake of your own interests after death, (and death is near to all,) for the sake of the station in the world which you stand in, take thought and consider your ways. I beg of you to call upon God from your inmost soul, to give you light and life.

I beg of you to read the gospel which he sent to man by his own Son, Jesus Christ. Sir, it is an awful trust before God, to rule over slaves. I feel that I shall have to render strict account for all that I do, or fail to do, with regard to them. You have the same to

answer for. You at the head of a plantation, might walk before them in that path which would draw them after you to heaven. *There is a heaven! There is a hell!* Read the message sent from heaven; pray to believe it. God will hear sincere prayer. Unless you choose to make this letter known, I shall not. I shall keep a copy of it, that if any thing should cause me to speak to my husband on the subject, he may see what I have written. You need not trouble yourself to answer it; I shall judge of your temper and conduct by other means.

May the Lord grant you grace to turn your soul to himself. I send you herewith a book, which I earnestly exhort you to read with attention. Read in your leisure moments by day and at night. God will call you to account for not reading holy books, since he has favoured you with the power of doing so.

To ——— Overseer at the — Quarter.

Every opportunity was sought for awakening others to a sense of their duties to their slaves. That in such a work she should not have met with opposition and severe trial was not to be expected. It was impossible for

those not like-minded with herself to appreciate her spirit and motives. *Some* supposed her wanting in judgment and discretion, in her efforts for the slaves; (of which it is not unlikely there were some occasional examples,) but *more* rebuked by her example and conscious of their own misdoings represented her as endangering the peace of the community. It was almost as hazardous an undertaking then to do any thing for the negroes which should obtain notoriety, as it would be now, to preach in an English pulpit on the lawfulness of slavery.

Being of an affectionate and sensitive spirit she keenly felt these things, and often oppressed with much bodily weakness, she would gladly have given up all for the sake of rest and the more kindly opinion of friends. But this could not be. Her apprehensions of duty had been too distinct, and her love of souls too ardent. She continued her school, as her husband did not object, and the other means already mentioned. The constant vision of Christ by faith sustained her spirit in cheerfulness, under difficulties which would have discouraged and turned back less favoured Christians; but it was given her to work with her eternal resting-place full in view.

And here it is proper to remark, that in all her sacrifices of property, time, and health, for the people of colour, or the opposition she sometimes encountered in the discharge of what she conceived her duty toward them, she never sympathized in the language and aggressive measures subsequently employed against those who held them as slaves. Her affectionate concern embraced them equally. On this exciting topic her love burned with its proper flames: it had no mixture of wrath. Her feeling was well expressed in a prayer found in the journal of her sister, who died some time after her return from a journey to the south, "Lord have mercy upon the poor slaves of Georgia, and their still poorer masters."

The troubles of those who undertake to labour for the slaves in the southern states cannot well be conceived, if the labourer's standard of duty rises much above that of the community. He has to do with a subject on which people quickly become violent, and on which too many Christians are soon angry. This state of things tries the fidelity of ministers, and strongly tempts them to keep back things which cannot be kept back consistently with a good conscience. And that they should

themselves become partial judges to some extent, considering their circumstances, may be counted upon with almost as much certainty as we can count upon the operation of human nature in any situation. So much at least may be said without disparagement to them. God grant that what many of them are sincerely attempting, they may have grace to accomplish. Through a gradual melioration of sentiment, reasonable and prudent instruction is tolerated; in some places it is invited. But should there be opposition, are the public teachers of religion to yield on that account? Suspicions and unjust charges may be endured in a good cause, and contradiction endured under the solemn apprehension that death will shortly silence those to whom reason is addressed in vain. It is a small thing in masters to *tolerate*, or even invite that which with a holy sincerity they should themselves see to the performance of.

Mrs. Page lost no opportunity for improving the condition of the slaves, both in temporal and spiritual things: but she was not at all satisfied with the best that she could do for them here. Her charity looked beyond the narrow limits of her home and neighbourhood.

Her soul was deeply and incessantly afflicted with the general condition of the people of colour: not that those under her own observation were subject to harsh treatment; but she saw them every where liable to cruel separations, the majority sunk in ignorance and sin, and as she often and feelingly said, "with no one to care for their souls." Her great heart contemplated the ultimate freedom of the whole race, and wrestled in prayer for their eternal emancipation from the wrath to come. In the mean time, she was deeply sensible of the guilt which rested upon the community, as to failure in individual *present duty*, and looked forward with sorrow at the prospect of beholding at the judgment-day the re-enactment of the awful scene detailed in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus.

But what could be done at all answerable to the necessities of such a case? The sensibilities of the community had not then been awakened. Colonization was unheard of. All was darkness and apathy. What could be effected by a comparatively obscure female? The records of eternity may tell in this case, as in many others, the power of prayer. In that exercise, she spent hours, of which the world knew

nothing. For years, the condition of the people of colour was the theme of her supplications by day and by night. The following allusion is made to her in the "Life of Ashmun," embracing also a relative, and companion in the same work, still living in the District of Columbia.

"Nor ought we to forget, that long before the formation of the Colonization Society, there were generous souls in Virginia, touched with a tender and affecting charity toward the people of colour, whose daily and nightly thoughts were fixed on their dark condition, and who in grief and prayer sought to teach comfort, and save those of them who dwelt within the limits of their influence, devoutly supplicating that the power which had touched their hearts, would touch others, until the nation should rise in its strength, for the redemption of that race. In a future world, the fact may stand revealed, that from the sacred retirement of a few devout ladies in Virginia, who at the Saviour's feet had learned better lessons than this world's philosophy can teach, emanated a zeal and charity in behalf of the afflicted Africans, which has widely spread, and inspired ministers and statesmen with an almost divine eloquence in their cause."

The following paper, written in 1823, may serve to show that Mr. Gurley had not mistaken her character.

"By a chain of providences, some persons are evidently pointed to a particular course of duty in the Lord's vineyard. I know this to be my case. I beheld my country blind to the awful responsibilities connected with slavery, —infatuated by long habits of neglect of the souls of slaves. This showed me the great difficulty of doing all that should be done for them in their present state. For years I carried their cause in my secret soul, fearful of disclosing my thoughts to any but God, and to two or three like-minded with myself. Little did I suppose that such a prospect as that now opening, was so soon to relieve my burdened heart. But now I see how it is. God's time for beginning this work was approaching; and he placed these fervent desires in the hearts of some who had for a time no communication with one another; which seems an indication of its being a work of God. I feel that I am called to train servants for him. My bosom beats high with ardent anxiety for their everlasting good. * * * But for his grace, I should have had no such work on hand for

them. And now, but for his grace, I should be one of those 'self-righteous.' But my Lord has placed me in such a station of outward trial, as makes me feel that I have to look to Christ for every thing."

In the year 1815, she heard of the suggestions of Samuel Mills, and subsequently of the journey of the Rev. Dr. Finley to Washington, which resulted in the formation of the American Colonization Society, in the early part of the next year. Her faith immediately seized upon it as the work of God. In the first news from Washington, she saw what she compared to a glimmering light, like the light of a taper at a great distance in the dark.

But those peculiar feelings of distress, like the horror of great darkness which fell upon Abraham, were experienced no more. A dark night had been succeeded by a bright morning. A channel of hope was opened, an object presented, around which kindred hearts could cluster, and in the promotion of which, all who felt for the coloured race could enjoy the luxury of working. She at once rendered efficient aid to the infant enterprise, by funds given and procured by conversation, by correspondence with a large circle of friends, and

the circulation of the interesting information upon the subject then first brought out. Her brother, then a young minister, made a tour through all the states upon the Atlantic, and was instrumental in awakening a deep interest in behalf of the negro race.

CHAPTER II.

EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES, AND COLONIZATION.

THE last Chapter brought the biography of Mrs. Page to the year 1817. From this period, for nine years she was engaged in a series of happy and successful labours for African colonization, during which time she had also effected no inconsiderable changes for the better among the many slaves under her own eye. Meanwhile, the divine life in her soul had been in a state of constant and rapid progression, so that by her conversation and example all took knowledge of her that she lived for eternity.

But severer trials awaited her. In the year 1826, she sustained the loss of her husband, a gentleman who, though he had not entered fully into her views with regard to the preparation of slaves for colonization, had been a kind and indulgent husband, and had afforded her many opportunities for doing what she conceived to be her duty.

It is not necessary to dwell upon what she suffered under this bereavement, as it was not distinguished from other cases of a similar kind.

The following papers were written sometime after this event.

"Heavenly Father, thou art my protector, safeguard and trust, when the night closes in and all is darkness around us, a helpless female band. Once my dear husband was my trust, and I felt as if I could never live in the unprotected state which I and my children would be left in, if our visible protector were called from us.

"But I found a sudden and unexpected repose given to my spirit, a faith and trust which I was so sensible came from heaven, that I was able to repose in peace without a doubt, on thy power as overruling all things. Thus have I, who never deserved the least favour, been favoured.

"Thy mercies to me are past the power of numbers, speech, or thought. The silence of midnight is present. My children repose in quiet in their beds. Thy watchful care surrounds us—all is peace—while thy goodness wakes my spirit to praise and glorify thy great name. My soul wait thou only upon God."

Speaking of her plans for conducting the estate after her husband's death, she says:—

"My purposes respecting these people, I hold to be so sacred, that I desire not, and even fear to counsel with my dearest and wisest friends, because they would all advise me to relieve myself from this bondage in which I outwardly live, and which, in their kindness for me, they have thought would ere now have ended my days. But by faith thou hast borne me through scenes of trial both of body and mind, the prospect of which I might well have shrunk from. Thus preserved I come to *THEE*, and look up through the blood of the Covenant for direction in all the affairs of this estate. And with regard to the frequent failures of some of these people in duty, let me not be put off by these things, from my settled purpose of doing them good. How to get them to perform their needful part, although they know it is for their own sakes that I wish it. Oh, enlighten their ignorance, subdue their opposing wills, and soften their hard hearts. Give wisdom to see the right course to pursue, with all such as are thus tempted."

"My God, I bless thy holy name for enabling me to go through many trying circumstances in my pilgrimage, in firmer faith than

I have before been supported by. When trials arise, instead of looking at them and my own inability to do my duty under them, I am sweetly influenced to look to the hills from whence my help cometh. I could, indeed, always repeat those portions of the Psalms which apply in such cases, and sometimes realize them, but now I find them more substantially placed under me to keep my faith, which is God's gift, in strong exercise. Blessed be my God, as I approach nearer the end of my time, I see eternity to be very glorious. Oh, to be employed in exploring the wonders of universal creation, and the greater wonders of Redemption. * * * * *

I still find my spirit within me, prone to *plan* more than to *pray*, although I know how unprofitable and how unsafe it is; and although I find such sweet confidence in praying and trusting to thee to plan for me, and to keep me waiting on thee continually, watching the leadings of thy providence."

So was the finger of God manifested in preparing her for a season of trial which was at hand, perhaps the greatest which she ever experienced.

It became necessary to pay a large debt

which rested upon the estate, a considerable portion of which, had been contracted in the maintenance of slaves. In such cases, the laws of the commonwealth enforce the sale of personal property, and by the same laws, slaves are of that denomination.

She looked every way for an alternative; but there was none. It was certain that the officers of the law would pursue the prescribed course, and the sale of some of them became inevitable. Her hands of love were effectually tied, but not her heart. The principal wish of the negros in cases of sales at that time, was to avoid being sent to the South, and this she feared might be the lot of some of them.

The day of sale arrived. A number of slave traders were present to bid. In the noise and crowds of men at such places, the preferences or benevolent views of a female are not likely to be much regarded. From a scene which she could neither prevent or control, she retired to her private chamber, where she bore in agony to the throne of grace, the unheeded petitions of those whom she loved, and whom she expected to meet at the bar of God. And if it be lawful to apply words written of Christ, to one to whom it was given to suffer for his

sake—with strong crying and tears to him who was able to save, she was heard in that she feared.

Of more than a hundred sold, not one fell into the hands of the slave dealers, or was far removed from his former home. The world will call this accident or chance—she ever held it as a special providence, and often spoke of it until the day of her death, as among her greatest mercies.

A large number still remained, either her own or belonging to those under her influence. To them she gave herself in a manner which she was never able to do to the whole number. They were all assembled every morning a little after the dawn of day, for the reading of the Bible and prayer. For this service she employed the ministers who frequently visited at her house, or other pious gentlemen; but in the absence of such, did not hesitate to expound the scriptures and offer prayer. The exercises conducted by herself were probably as well calculated to benefit the slaves as any which they ever enjoyed. Her manner was to read over a number of times, before prayer, a solemn and instructive passage of scripture, and add some brief remarks in the way of

illustration and application. Her remarks upon scripture were very original and striking.

She now began to make every arrangement to hasten the period of their emancipation. But many difficulties remained, owing to the still embarrassed condition of the estate and the perverse temper of some of the slaves, who were unwilling to exert themselves even for their own good. This will explain the following extracts from her writings, in which her temper and spirit are strikingly displayed.

"When will it be safe to trust me with the power of using the mammon of unrighteousness in doing services of love to the bodies and souls of thy creatures? When shall I be so far delivered from self-righteousness as to be a fit instrument to perform those services which for so many years it has been my grief that I had no power to perform.

"Ah thou hast seen that I should have gone to work in my own strength, and long ere this have given over through faintness and the discouragements which arise from the perverseness and ungrateful behaviour of those whom I desired to serve.

"But thou didst foreknow these things and

thy preventing grace has controlled me, and in spite of my restlessness to be doing, has held me in, till, being much curbed and broken, thou art at length in some small degree, (doubtless as far as I can be trusted with safety to myself,) showing me some labours of love to engage in. It is a subject for wonder and astonishment that one so self-willed, so unwatchful and weak in faith, should be employed by thee at all."

"Look upon those of my fellow-creatures in servitude in my family, who this day have given way to the temptation of their situation in murmuring and rebellious language toward me. Thou canst enlighten them and show them the error of their way. Thou canst convince them of sin, and subdue their spirits to bear with patience the trial of being under the guidance of one, who only from necessity as they well know, is enduring, and that for their sakes, the task of urging them to such duties, as will lead to their temporal and eternal freedom.

"Often hast thou given me to see, and gratefully to acknowledge a change of feeling and demeanour in those for whom I have espe-

cially applied to thee that their minds might be enlightened and their hearts softened. Let me never have to apply to human authority to restrain them, but pray, and hope, and watch, and wait for answers to prayer: and should I be permitted to see the happy change, deliver me from the temptation which may assail me that my wisdom or goodness has effected this. In every mercy make me feel that I am nothing, and that Christ is all."

"If it be not thy blessed will to grant me the privilege of seeing this work accomplished in my hands, make me willing even for this, and never let me faint nor tire in labouring for it, even though all things should seem against it. Still let me give that faithful and true attention to these souls of thine, that I would do were the whole success unfolded to my view, and sure. For, oh Lord, hast thou not given me from the first, yea, before communication from heart to heart had fanned this holy work into visible flame, to bear this burden, and to stir up my soul to redress the injuries of this depressed people. If in tender mercy, to humble me for my many transgressions, I am not permitted to do what I desire,

O Lord, fulfil thy gracious promises in thine own way: what am I that I should despond?

"As David prepared materials for Solomon his son to build a house to thy name, and as he said, 'behold in my trouble I have prepared for the house of the Lord,' so let thine handmaid, O Lord, prepare this family to become a house to thy name in the land of their forefathers, and do thou put into the souls of my children thy fear, that they may build them up as a sanctuary to thy glory, that they may go and possess the good land, and leave it for an inheritance to their children after them throughout all generations. Teach my children to do this great work with a perfect heart and with a willing mind. Let them not forsake thee, lest thou cast them off for ever. Enable me to say to them when I am about to depart—as David to Solomon his son —'Be strong and of good courage and do it. Fear not, nor be dismayed, for the Lord God even my God will be with you—He will not fail you nor forsake you—Blessed be thou O Lord God for ever and ever.' And, O Lord, keep this in the imagination of the thoughts of the heart of this people, and prepare their heart unto thee, and give unto my children a

perfect heart to do all this thing, for the which I have made provision."

The following was prepared in extreme bodily weakness, with the intention, as it appeared, of having it read to such, as at the time, she did not expect to live to see emancipated.

"As yet, God has only given the Bible to a portion of the world, but it is fast spreading among all nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and the glorious day will soon arrive, when the whole human race shall know the Lord Jesus Christ as their only Redeemer—when his name will be sung from the hills and valleys, and every sound from every voice tell of the goodness of the Lord.

"The Bible which foretells this, commands all 'to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them.' This has made me see that slavery is not a state wherein we can obey the law of love, and blessed be God, many others see it as well as myself.

"Your settlement in the land from which your fathers were brought, has been a plan cherished almost as my life, that you might

not remain in a land where Providence as yet, has opened no way for you to enjoy equal rights, were you nominally free, where freedom is only a name. If you knew all that I have endured to preserve justice and comfort among you in all things that lay in my power, you would have wept for me; But the gracious Lord supported me, and enabled me to go on in my labours for you thus far; and now I go the way of all flesh—but the cares I have had for you, I wish to leave impressed upon your souls and the souls of my children, that they may be co-workers with God in colonizing you in that land where great blessings await you and your posterity.

"You have sometimes, perhaps, thought me a strict or a harsh ruler, but when you meet me before God you will see that I did all in love, and that this strictness was intended to lead you to God, as I knew that unless you became holy, you never could be happy. Such crosses I have been led through by Almighty power; for whenever I had to cross you, I had my full share of that cross, having had a tenderness for your condition put into my heart many, many years ago, and knowing also that

I dared not willingly wound one of God's creatures in any way.

"The law of the land would not allow you to be free while the former debts of the estate remained unpaid, otherwise I should have sent you to Africa as soon as I had the charge of you, for it has been my chief desire to see you in a place where you could be prosperous and happy. The whole earth will soon be filled with the knowledge of the Lord; your country too will be—among the rest—full of people fearing God and working righteousness. Refuse not to go when the time for you to be given up shall arrive. You will, I doubt not, find it the place designed for you by a merciful Providence."

The laws of the commonwealth not allowing emancipated slaves to remain in the state, together with what she had heard of their condition in the free states, left her in no doubt as to the place where she should send her own. In fact, her judgment would have been the same had there been no obstacles to their remaining among the slaves. The colony of Liberia had by this time made some progress. This enterprise she had regarded from its very

dawn as the work of God, and as intended in his providence to subserve the most important interests of the whole coloured race: and she had now the prospect of being able to patronize it in a way more to her mind, although through this and a variety of other means she had previously *done more*, probably, than any other person in Virginia to create a benevolent interest in behalf of the coloured people.

In an extensive tour through the state in the year 1836, the writer heard the remark from many persons, that they had never felt any particular interest in the condition of slaves, or had their conscience awakened respecting them, until they heard of the efforts of Mrs. Page.

With a degree of pleasure which none but a benevolent heart can comprehend, she now begun afresh to prepare her slaves for a better home in Africa, than she could give them elsewhere; determining to do her own work with her own hands, and not by testamentary arrangements, she would see and know that it was done according to her mind.*

* The wisdom of this course is strikingly exhibited in contrast with that of the late John Randolph. There is a general agreement among disinterested persons that if there was any one thing which he more constantly in-

She deemed it important to prepare their minds by a series of instructions for the great change which they were to undergo in passing from the condition of slaves to that of freemen. And especially she did not conceal from them the hardships they would probably have to encounter in a new settlement, while at the same time she encouraged them with the prospect of ultimate advantage to themselves and especially to their children.

When the time appointed for their departure arrived, they were all willing and desirous of going, having been faithfully and fully in-

tended than another, and especially when he died, it was that his slaves should be emancipated. Their history since, is very well known. This is but one of a great number of instances in which testamentary benevolence has been defeated: and shows the inexpediency of persons leaving that to others, which, if they wish to have done, they should do themselves. In cases of bequests to benevolent institutions, heirs will usually prevent the payment if they can, and if they cannot, are not unfrequently made enemies to such institutions.

Considering the litigation, and the unfriendly influence which it is sure to produce, it may be doubted whether the cause of benevolence has not lost as much as it has gained by wills. In cases where the wishes of heirs turn out to be different from those of the testator, it is of doubtful expediency to enter into litigation to recover bequests.

structed upon the subject, by one of whose disinterested regard for their good, they had had so many proofs.

She sent them at three different times; the first company in the year 1832, with every necessary supply for twelve months, and a sufficiency of many articles for two or three years. The mechanics and others were furnished with the necessary implements for their different occupations.* On the morning of the day they left, she assembled them in the family mansion, where religious services were held, suitable to the occasion. She then accompanied them eight miles on their way toward the place of embarkation, seeing them safely over a river at that distance, taking the children in her carriage, and appearing to take a peculiar pleasure in the last offices of kindness which she would have an opportunity of doing for them. Upon the opposite shore of the river there was a solemn and affectionate parting. They all arrived safely in Liberia, and it was a subject of thankfulness, that while many had died in the colony, all of those

* A supply of iron was purchased for a blacksmith from Mr. PHINEAS JANNEY, of Alexandria, who, after he ascertained the purpose for which it was intended, generously insisted upon refunding the money.

which she sent continued in good health, with the exception of one who died of a disease which probably would have proved fatal at an earlier period at home. Their preservation was probably owing to the abundant provision made for their wants, during the period of acclimation. When the next company left, Mrs. Page engaged a friend who took much interest in the accomplishment of her plans, to accompany them to the port from which they were to sail, distant three hundred miles. He attended to the laying in of their stores, and superintended their embarkation, when, after divine service on board the ship—the anchor weighed—the last link which bound them to the land of their captivity sundered—and the white sail unfurled—they set forth with many tokens of gratification and thankfulness, toward their father-land. As the ship gradually receded from view in a serene and beautiful summer's afternoon, many events of solemn interest were recalled. Two hundred and fourteen years had elapsed since the first slave set his foot upon the soil of Virginia. The mystery of that providence under which they came, is not yet finished. But upon that dark and heavy cloud which hitherto has hung over

it, lighter shades are beginning to appear. They came to toil—to toil for others and not for themselves—many of them to hardships and suffering. But they came from a barbarous to an enlightened country—from a pagan to a Christian land—from a country where even negro degradation and suffering is greater, to one where it is less. They have increased to millions; and dark and undesirable as their condition is, it is enviable in comparison with that of any similar number of the same race upon the globe. All are civilized—many are Christianized, and not a few have risen to cultivation and intelligence.

The Christianity which they met with in the abode of their slavery is silently working their emancipation. That divine principle which is gradually preparing them for the enjoyment of rational liberty, is not less certainly opening the way for them to receive it. The first fruits are visible. The *fathers* came with chains of iron upon their arms, and the stronger chains of darkness and idolatry upon their hearts: the *children* are returning with Bibles in their hands and their souls made free by the truth. Thus in the wonderful economy of providence, the darkest deeds of

man are turned to good. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, how unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out."

The work of Christianizing those in the darkness and deeper slavery of the mother country, is seriously contemplated. The eyes of every missionary organization in Europe and America, are turned toward Africa. For her, the charities of Christendom are being stirred to their foundation; deep calleth unto deep, and nation vies with nation, in schemes to do her good.

The emigrants, after a short voyage, joined their friends in the colony, and were equally favoured in the preservation of their lives and health. Their letters of gratitude she often received, and had the pleasure of knowing before her death, that some of them had become members of churches in Liberia, that their children were in the course of being educated, and that for the most part they were prospering in their worldly affairs.

With regard to the course which she should pursue in the emancipation of her own slaves, she never had any doubt, although she never attempted to decide that colonization was the *only* mode in which this work was to be pur-

sued. She was watchful as to all means by which the good of the slave might be effected consistently with Christian love, and the real good of all the parties.

Though of a quick and strong mind, she was less given to speculation, than to toils and self-denying duties in the accomplishment of good, through channels already opened by Providence, and deeply was she grieved at the controversies and unchristian quarrels of those who were sincerely aiming at the same thing. From a careful study of all the evidence pertaining to the Colony of Liberia she never entertained any doubt of its ultimate success, although she was not ignorant of the many difficulties to be encountered in so great an undertaking. As the residence of persons who had emigrated almost entirely destitute of means, it was not to be expected that it would suddenly assume the appearance of wealth and refinement, and as the residence of sinners it was not to be expected that no wrong doings should be found there. She had, however, at the time of her death, the unspeakable comfort of believing on good grounds that she was leaving those who had been her slaves, in the best ordered community of negroes in the

world—in the enjoyment of perfect freedom —under the benign influence of schools, printing presses, and the institutions of Christianity —a community also to a remarkable degree under the power of experimental religion.

In view of the situation in which she had placed them, when compared with that which they left, may well be conceived the joy which she felt in receiving from Liberia such testimonies as the following:—"The faith of the everlasting gospel, with an evidence and strength which nothing short of the power of the Almighty could produce, has become the rule of life, the animating spring of action, and the source of immortal hope, to a large number of these people. Often have I seen tears silently flowing in the house of God under the searching influence of his word. Nay, I have seen the proudest and profanest foreigners that ever visited the colony, struck with conviction under the gospel here preached by the negro upon a spot which but yesterday was the abode of barbarism and piracy."

We have in the preceding narrative a brief account of Mrs. Page's efforts for the benefit of the people of colour. Some other points of her character, and incidents in her life re-

main to be considered, which will be found of equal interest. The following papers will conclude this chapter. The writer has no where seen more solemn and instructive exhibitions of Christian experience.

"My Father in heaven, when I come before thee to tell thee all my state, I have not to think first, and regulate my expressions as I go on, in the manner I have to do to an earthly friend. How blessed to say and feel, Father thou knowest better than I can tell thee, all that I come to lay before thee—all my shortcomings—all my transgressions—all my trials in dear friends and fellow sinners. At this time, Oh Lord, am I in manifold perplexities, because of sore infirmities. One deep calleth to another; all thy waves and storms have gone over me—and yet 'I know the Lord can save,' and in this I have been kept as in a covert from the storm. Now, O my God, would I come to thee anew, to present all this troubled scene—each spirit concerned. Oh my Father, calm, control, and guide us.

'Why oh my soul, why thus depress'd,
And why this anxious care?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And calm the rising tear.

When darkness and when dangers rose,
And pressed on every side,
Did not the Lord thy steps attend?
And was not he thy guide?

Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows sweep,
I know the Lord can save.

In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And ask him still for more.

Here will I rest and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his word;
He's more than all the world to me,
My Saviour and my God.'

"If on a journey, in company with a dear friend, should we not be continually forgetting the roughness and difficulties of the way, by looking on the countenance of this friend, and holding converse on themes of holy interest? Why then shall we not be soothed and encouraged over the rugged way of life by looking on the countenance of our Heavenly Father? Has he not lifted the obscuring veil which sin placed between us and his countenance? Why then do we so foolishly toil on, carrying alone every burden, every sin and sorrow which ourselves and others provide us

with, and which make our days like the troubled sea? Is not our Saviour our ever-present friend in this journey, and he the mighty God?"

—— May, 1811.

"Bodily indisposition, so extreme that I am incapable of action without severe pain, and so weak that my spirits are in danger of giving way. Shall this be? Shall my spirits sink while I can raise a thought to heaven? Saviour! to thee I look, who hast been the Author, and in whom I trust to be the finisher of my faith. Thy love to me passeth all understanding! If I have no other comfort while I have this, my soul must rejoice—Thou wilt never fail me!"

"That I am a weak creature, is no fault in me—that trials arise, and perplex and war upon my peace, I cannot, while in human society, and possessed of my human nature, avoid. But my fault is this, that I do not avail myself of the aid which the Almighty has provided, equal to all my wants."

"My Father, look upon me in this intricate dark case. Lift up the light of thy counte-

nance upon me. Thou seest all the trial before me: no earthly friend can look into some parts of it; and I come to lean my weary spirit upon thy bosom of more than maternal tenderness. I come for strength in my weakness, for wisdom to take the place of my foolishness. Show me how to honour thee in the presence of the dear fellow-sinners with whom I have to do in this trial."

"Blessed be thy name, O my God, for the exercises of soul toward Thee, which so strengthened my weak endeavours after holiness of heart and life. Continue thy Holy Spirit to me, and give a deep feeling of my unworthiness, and a strong hold by faith on thy Almighty power. Awaken daily in my soul a remembrance of thy dealings with me when late sickness brought me near to death. Thy love kept the sacrifice of thy Son ever supporting me, when otherwise my spirit would have sunk within me, in consciousness of my imperfect preparation to appear at thy judgment-seat. Did not pardoning love ever lead my thoughts to the foot of the cross? Did not I feel the safety provided for me there? although all-polluted even in my best attempts

to serve my God? Didst not thou give me to be willing to live or die, or languish in sickness—to resign my whole will to thine? And where this mercy was found in hours of extremity, there is mercy now to make me holy and devoted."

The two following papers manifest an attainment in Christian experience not only rare, but difficult to be conceived by those who have not—with large measures of divine grace—been deeply exercised in the same way. We might even look upon it as the result of enthusiasm, in one who had not for a series of years manifested an analagous conformity to the divine will—a confidence in God like that which characterizes the inhabitants of heaven.

"Father when it is thy will to afflict my children with dangerous illness, then a sense of thy love increases in my soul. Thou hast been so merciful as to break down self-will in this particular, so that—all thanks to thee—I behold with equal eye, life or death, so that all thy will be accomplished. I see death hovering over the delight of my eyes, yet it seems not death, but my Father doing his righteous

loving will in my babes—perhaps about to call them above, out of my sight; but the feeling of his will being done, is such, that I have not an objecting thought. Oh! how have my highest, my most exquisite joys been in the acute exercises of soul, mercifully sent in seasons so appalling to nature, but so elevating, so endearing under grace."

On another occasion, her daughter, with a sister who had the charge of her, were returning in a carriage through an extensive wood; a wind suddenly arose so violent as to prostrate trees. Of this circumstance she wrote the next day as follows: after recording her exercises in the earlier part of the storm.

"Those around me watched to see me manifest alarm—and my uncommon natural timidity would have made me evince more than even the case called for.—And didst thou make me willing to have my child and sister crushed? Thou didst! I must, I feel compelled to record it, to the praise of thy great name.

"Oh! to soar in faith above the storms of temptation which beat upon me under daily

trial, as thou didst then enable me to do in the war of nature's elements."

"Oh! for a sense of pardon for all I have ever done, or spoken, or thought amiss, and a trust in Thee, that no one will thereby be injured in any way. O for good to be brought out of my evil—that misconstructions in the minds of any, of aught that I have done or said, may be removed. In many things I may have offended. Do thou soothe and pour oil on any troubled heart, and continue to me a tender interest in the welfare of others, which may have led me to words and deeds which have been stumbling-blocks in the way of some, and teach me to pray more for my friends, when I feel anxious concerning them, and talk less."

"Am I in bonds of Christian love with every one? if I cannot clear up all my doings to the satisfaction of some, am I yet watching and praying that my spirit bears them nothing but tender love? If I cannot give up my judgment and act as some near and dear to me desire, am I maintaining my grounds in as gentle though firm a manner, as I should do? looking

to Thee to give them light, or if *I* am in error to enlighten me."

"This is my grief—I do not bear to myself or others, the lineaments of my Father's face divine. O! that I could be like him—that I could feel the assimilation increasing in my thoughts, words, and actions. O send out thy light and thy truth."

"I am as poor and helpless a beggar, and need as much thy help now as I did when first all dismayed and horror-struck at sight of my own inability, I began to feel the necessity of grace for every moment. It is not my grief that I cannot get on, but in view of thy grace, but that I do not look for that grace as diligently as a case like mine requires; for I find this pilgrimage of life, a rough and dangerous road. Enemies are very numerous as I proceed—very powerful too. The devil like a roaring lion goeth about, yea, *around—about*—and *within* my soul. But, Father, art thou not greater than he? and shall I fear? Yes, I have a deliverer, and my rescue is sure!"

The following was written under circumstances of perplexity and trial, in the discharge of duty.

"O God! my Maker, unseen, yet ever present, didst thou make thy poor creature to be thus tossed by cruel waves! Lord, it seemeth so, when blown about as I am, by so many bleak winds—no comfort—no relief. How long, O Lord, am I to be the subject of contending opinions—'tis only thus for a season. Thy love gave me being—the blood of thy Son was shed for me, and has redeemed that being from endless misery. Wilt thou not then uphold me now, when trouble oppresses me and seems to obscure thy mercy from my view. Sun of Righteousness arise, shine through these dark clouds, and establish me in faith. Calm my spirit and set me upon the Rock.

"E'en be content with God. Yes, well may I be content with God. Is not he full of power, wisdom and love? Are not all things in his gracious hand? O I *am* content with God, and desire nothing but to look to him, enthroned above, yet pervading the whole spiritual and material creation of which my soul and body form a part. O faithful Creator, anxious thought is lost in the expanse of glory which I see high and far and wide, above and around me."

CHAPTER III.

FAITH.

It has been well said that religion has often proved the *occasion* of suffering though not the *cause*. This is often illustrated in the experience of Christian parents. In proportion to the value which they put upon religion will be their distress, that a child should be without it.

Mrs. Page had two daughters, one of whom upon arriving at years of responsibility seemed disposed to a worldly course of life, and even the affection of a mother could entertain no hope of her being in a state of salvation. And the way of her being the instrument of good to the object of her pious affection seemed, in Providence to be strangely shut up. Shortly after this daughter's return from school, she married, was removed from under the parental roof, and from most of the means likely to result in her salvation. But the faith of the parent failed not under any discouragement. Prayer was not more continually offered for Peter in prison than for this child in the

stronger prisons of sin and unbelief: and although for three or four years, there was no visible ground of hope, the conviction was often expressed that God, whose ways are not as our ways, would interpose. And the event so proved, although in a way which subjected the faith of the parent to a trial almost as severe as that of Abraham.

In this case, as in many others, God made affliction the messenger of his love to this child. Its good effects, however, were not made known to any except by a change of outward demeanour.

Supposing herself threatened with a fatal disease, though apparently in her usual health, she undertook a journey to a northern city to consult physicians. From an accident which happened upon the rail-way, she was under the necessity of taking a long walk, which occasioned the rupture of a blood vessel in the lungs, of which, after a few days she died at an inn.

Mrs. Page being informed of her daughter's illness hastened to see her, but after proceeding a few hours' journey met her corpse. At that moment when faith seemed almost presumption, she said that she felt quite composed,

and surveying the features, yet fresh, of her whom she had so loved, expressed the peaceful assurance that it was "well with the child;" and in that hope without farther information committed her body to the ground.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

But what was her joy at finding in the journal of her daughter, extending through a period of more than a year and within a day or two of her death, the most satisfactory evidence that she had truly turned to God. These her religious experiences, though of a decided character, she had not made known to any one. Yet they exhibited what must be considered as among the best evidences of the existence of real religion in the soul. There was an apprehension of the *true character of sin*, a thorough confession of it, and mourning on account of its intrinsically evil nature, as committed against God, and an absolute despair of forgiveness except through the merits of Christ only. The scriptures were her constant study, and her religious exercises were more and more expressed in scripture language.

It was scarcely possible to believe that such exercises could be other, than those of a soul

taught of God, especially when taken in connexion with a thoroughly altered course of life.

And although at the time of her death, she did not express any decided hope of her acceptance, the parent judged correctly that the evidences which she left, were more satisfactory when viewed in the light of scripture, than any joys, or triumphant hopes expressed in dying moments, and so she rested in the fulfilment of all the promises of God, to her, and doubted not that her daughter had through much tribulation entered the kingdom of God.

The following papers are but a specimen of those which relate to her daughter's case. They cannot be without deep interest to Christian parents.

"My Father, I have put this cause into thy hands day by day, and feel that it is safe. All must go well that is committed to thee. It is not from any wisdom in me that I have done this, but in obedience to thy revealed word. A sacrifice has been made that I might have access to God as to a tender parent. O God, my child is safe, though yet in the bonds of Satan, for she has been brought to the foot of

the cross, where I look up and put my God in remembrance of his promise to heal such by the blood of his Son. Look upon me, Lord, according to the covenant."

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee. When my child was afflicted with most painful and dangerous sickness, I felt her every suffering as dispensed to me. I could not commit the care of her to any other, during the days and nights, and even years, in which her pains were extreme. Life would sometimes sink within me, as if to rise no more, yet my breath was continued, and the Lord so sustained me that I was kept in perfect peace. Though borne down so as to say with David, "All thy waves and storms are gone over me," yet with him did I say, Why art thou so full of heaviness, Oh my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me. Oh, put thy trust in God, for I will yet thank him who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

"But how is it now with this child? I look across the fields to her dwelling, where she resides in perfect health of body, but her soul not turned to thee. But I am supported still; I am filled with hope. Faith triumphs."

"'A certain nobleman whose son was sick—at the point of death,—besought Jesus,'—'Come down, ere my child die;'—the nobleman believed; 'the servants met him;'—'thy son liveth.' Could I now receive so great a gift, 'not for my righteousness,' but 'for thy great mercy, O Lord?'

"The soul of my child is at the point of death. Death has, in some sense, already passed upon its powers; but thou canst raise the dead. My Father, speak the word, and say to me, even to me, 'thy child liveth.' Shall I hear that word? Will it come to me suddenly, or shall I witness the gradual breaking down of the strongholds of sin, or am I still to wait, as it were, in chains of darkness as to the result? Thy will be done. But *sin* is not thy will, neither dost thou will the death of a *sinner*. This teaches me that thou dost not will the death of this soul. Will God set me a delusive task, and give me grace to dedicate a child to him, without intending to complete the work for her which he had thus begun in me? What have I to disquiet me in this storm of the elements? Principalities and powers may be against me. What of this? God is for me. I have but to watch and pray, and this soul

shall be given me, not for my diligence, or all the prayers I could offer. These are but the channel. A richer price is put into my hands to bring."

"Oh, my child I mourn for thee, not as one dead for whom sweet hope remains, to bless and soothe the sorrows of a mother's heart. I utter groans for thee my child, led captive by Satan's wiles. My heart has bled when I have heard of the poor negro's sorrows—chained and led in bonds from parents, friends, and home. But, oh, light is that chain, and quickly off those bonds, inflicted by cruel men, compared with that spiritual tyranny under which thou hast long laboured, and art still held bound! Is there not a ransom? Has there not a price been paid? Then, why, my soul, dost thou not go boldly to the throne of grace, and ask that Redemption price, to be made over for thy child's release? Oh, God, I come this night. While all around me sleep, I wake in anguish. Is there no balm in Gilead? How long, oh Lord, how long must I wait? Hush, my soul. Lord of life and power, make me to submit and wait thy time. But, oh, to wait in view of the cross; yes, close under it,

with the drops of my Saviour's life-blood falling thick and quickly around me, to heal my wounds!"

The help of man and angels joined,
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart,
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

"THE DAY BREAKETH. May my child have grace to lay hold of the sentiment in these lines. I read them last night, and instantly my heart seized them for her. I sat up late with the interests of my child, at the mercy seat, that place in glory, where the gracious Redeemer ever pleads for those who seek for pardon through his sufferings. Long have I been blessed with confidence in the sacrifice of the Son of God, one with the Father—very God of very God. I feel that my hope for all things rests in his atoning blood. I have received many mercies in virtue of that blood; among others, the fulfilment of promises to supplicating parents."

"Sweet scenes above employ thy mind my daughter—all around you that love is brightly manifested, which in darkness hovered over thee here. Oh, is not my child one of those made white in the blood of the Lamb? Was not her cry to Jesus—Jesus only? Through much tribulation thou hast entered the kingdom of God."

CHAPTER IV.

CHARITY.

In whatever sense this term is understood, it received a beautiful, and in some respects, almost singular illustration in the life and character of Mrs. Page. One feature of it is discovered in the use which she made of money. It was in her power to have died wealthy; but at the end of her stewardship it was found that she had "cast into the treasury of the Lord all her living, even all she had."

It might have been said of her as of the archbishop of Cambray, that at his death "he owed no man any thing, no man owed him, and he left nothing." Mrs. Page had a deep sympathy with every institution calculated to benefit her fellow creatures, or extend the Redeemer's kingdom, and she responded to the calls of most of them.

The claims of her servants, however, she considered as paramount, and for their good, the greater part of what she had was expended, and this with a degree of pleasure that no miser ever felt in hoarding. Her charities

were not drawn wholly from that which remained after supplying all that refined life usually deems "necessary."

She exhibited through her whole course that unerring proof of gospel charity—self-denial, for Christ's sake, while at the same time the pleasure of doing good caused her to take little account of things which the worldly in her station would regard as painful acts of sacrifice. But the expenditure of her substance, although she gave *all*, was among her lowest acts of charity. That divine spirit appeared most lovely in her ministrations to the afflicted. To know that any one within her reach was in trouble, was sufficient to awaken a sympathy proportionate to distress. Her prayers and tears flowed as freely in the negro's cabin, as by the dying beds of the sons and daughters of pleasure.

Those especially, who were under affliction on account of their sins, and inquiring what they should do to be saved, sought her society, and not without profit. Nor, also without reason, for in some cases when others seemed unable to understand what they felt or feared, they found the readiest apprehension in her. Her deep anxiety to do them good, drawing

upon the riches of her own experience, enabled her so to unfold the love of God in Christ, as greatly to encourage and assist them in laying hold of him by faith. Forgetful of self, she grew not weary in serving others in all practicable ways, even in cases where her affectionate endeavours seemed not to be appreciated, and so giving constant proof that she was governed by higher aims and motives than any recompense that man can give or withhold. With respect to those with whom she could not agree, or who opposed her in things of the importance of which she was conscientiously satisfied, it was her habit to cultivate toward them not only kindness of expression, but a real tenderness for their reputation, and even to associate them with herself in her approaches to the throne of grace.

In her intercourse with Christians of different denominations, it was no effort of charity to love those not of the same church with herself. She was quick to recognise the fruits of holiness, and these were sufficient to secure her affections and her confidence. It was always with pain that she heard things related to the disparagement of Christians of other names, even where they seemed to be true. She never could find pleasure in hearing de-

tailed the faults of any of the people of God, while she regarded the Lord Jesus Christ as engaged to correct and forgive those faults and cast the very memory of them into the depths of the sea. The contention of Christians always seemed a mystery to her, and she had a serious and pleasant way of arresting any conversation calculated to increase them, by alluding to that world where they would shortly rest from their sad divisions and unchristian quarrels.

If we mistake not the signs of the times, the hour is coming apace, yea is already come, when this form of charity will be precious, and when it will be refreshing to point to the examples of those who in this respect have shone as lights in the world, and way-marks to heaven.

Charity receives no such wounds as in the house of its friends. Is there any spectacle on this earth, beheld from heaven, so sad as that of Christians engaged in disparaging each other? The leaders of religious parties, and many others, have much to repent of and reform in this respect, before Zion shall become terrible to an ungodly world, by her union, holiness and love. It cannot be doubted that there are many, very many, "contending" for

what they call "*the faith once delivered to the saints,*" who are only wronging their Master and his cause, and their own souls.

The time must come, when partisans in ecclesiastical warfare shall bewail the evils they have done, and their repentance and confession will find forgiveness in heaven; but an unbelieving world will know of their sin, while they know nothing of that repentance which secures for them the efficacy of atoning blood, until the fatal influence upon themselves shall be revealed at the judgment day.

And had we the ear of contending Christians whether in the same or different churches, we would appeal to them in view of an inconsistency which might fill the earth with wonder, and ask—How long shall these things be? "For a wolf to worry a lamb is natural, but for a lamb to worry a lamb is not. For lilies to be among thorns is common; but for lilies to become thorns and tear each other, is monstrous and strange. Shall Turks and Pagans agree? Shall Herod and Pontius Pilate agree? Shall the children of Moab, and Ammon, and Mount Seir agree? Yea, legions of devils act in concert, and shall not the saints agree whom one heaven must hold at last?"

CHAPTER V.

THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

Mrs. Page was not a stranger to those scenes which have caused this world to be characterized as a "vale of tears." But they brought her into a nearer union and communion with God, the source of everlasting consolation, than she could otherwise have known, so that she cherished the memory of her trials as precious.

But this only accords with the experience of all the people of God, from the beginning. We see it in the histories of many in Scripture, some being chosen even in the furnace of affliction. It was when Jacob was in the midst of his greatest troubles, that he had the most surprising manifestations of the divine presence. It was then that he saw the angels of God ascending and descending in their glittering robes.

But with regard to any or all trials which the subject of this memoir met with, either in her religious course, or otherwise, it is to be recorded to the praise of God, that she did not

serve a hard Master. She had a serenity and cheerfulness, an almost uninterrupted peace and happiness of mind, which seemed to arise from a living and ever-present apprehension that a God of infinite power and goodness was always near her.

The state of her mind was plainly discernible in her appearance. There was a saintly expression of countenance indicative of feelings at once animated and serene. Her seriousness was rendered attractive by a radiation of benevolence, which could not escape observation, and was often remarked upon. She was an eminent example of the truth of the saying, that there is more joy in *loving*, than in *being loved*. To such a state of mind, that peace which passeth all understanding is indissolubly joined. It is doubtless that temper of spirit which will form the line of separation between the happy and the miserable to all eternity. For thirty years she had not had a doubt of her salvation. Nor was this confidence unwarranted. In a long and intimate acquaintance, the writer never heard her speak an idle word, and he could say of her what Bishop Burnet said of Archbishop Leighton, that for years together, he never saw

her in any temper in which she would not be willing to be found at death.

Far be it from me to ascribe perfection to her character. Were I to attempt it, as Fuller said of Wickliffe, that glorious saint would sooner chide, than thank me. She had infirmities, but they were not numerous. She had faults, but they were not great. The consciousness of infirmities would sometimes affect her to tears, especially under the apprehension that her example might be injurious to others.

But it was pleasing to see how all things worked together for her advancement in the divine life, and that in no point did the Lord suffer his faithfulness toward her to fail. The same love which called her in the beginning, and made her a vessel of mercy, continued with her to the end.

Indications were at length discoverable, that she had finished the work which God had given her to do on earth, and as her bodily strength failed, her soul seemed borne upon the wings of devout affection above all worldly things. Her heavenly discourse spread comfort and instruction around, and left an imperishable impression upon the minds of those who had the privilege of being with her.

The following appear to have been the last papers which she wrote.

"So far from its being a gloomy thing to make a will, how delightful to be able in health and the full possession of reason, to offer to God for the promotion of his kingdom whatever he has intrusted to our stewardship, and how sweet the prospect of his endowing us with better treasures wherewith to glorify him in future worlds."

"My God, look upon me, and keep in my soul the constant conviction that I have a warfare to accomplish,—that I am in a body of sin and death, and surrounded by principalities and powers of darkness, and that whenever I find my heart forgetting Thee, even from disorder of body, much more from alienation of mind, I must cry mightily, and flee to Thee for safety, and cease not till I find Thee, my soul's chief treasure.

When I meditate on the love thou hast manifested to thy creature man, my soul pauses in overwhelming wonder, and remains in silence, and the stillness of conscious inability to explore the vast work of creating and redeem-

ing love. In view of them, my soul waits on thee now at this midnight hour in joyful adoration, with hope grounded on thy word of promise.

"O! love undeserved, redemption bought and bestowed on me by a price unknown even in heaven. Angels desire to look into the mystery of the Creator stooping to a union with his creature, and suffering the penalty in his stead. This wondrous fact remains to be unfolded throughout eternity, in the ever-opening volume of further regulations of the Deity to the redeemed of the Lamb. This will be the joy of heaven. Those who have entered there have begun their song. O! that by faith we could hear and join them! A little longer, and O, my soul, the scene will be full before thee also. The partition wall is not to hold out long now."

"For the last week, too sick to read or work. O, my Father, my soul is laid at thy feet, where I cry to thee, and show each want thy Spirit has made me sensible of, in myself and each dear object of my soul's affections."

"O glorious day, for which the Almighty

Maker formed me, when delivered from this body of sin, I shall serve my God in perfect peace."

"*Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me.*

"*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*"

"I *do* believe and I *am* saved. Believe with all thy heart unto salvation. I do believe with all my heart and I feel that IT IS SALVATION. From whence have I received this? From the source whence I received my being. How glorious to know my Creator! What want I more. On no delegated power do I lean. It is my Maker's own marvellous infinite power that is my dependence. O Spirit of God, good and gracious hast thou been to me! How many days and nights, how many years of trouble and sorrow hast thou led me through and made all trials good by bringing me to see myself and my Saviour. O intricate ways of Providence, how they unfold toward the last, now in the evening of my earthly journey, near night;—approaching my Father's house too gloriously illuminated to receive me."

The time of her departure was now at hand.

A cold, contracted on a visit to a brother who was upon his death bed, was the visible cause of her more rapid decline which terminated on the 28th of March, 1838. During her last illness she had not a moment's unhappiness on any subject. There was no work upon which she had set her heart, that she had not accomplished and completed. Her soul was filled with the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

It was reflected from her countenance and manifested in all her conversation. As the sun seems larger at its setting, so in the example of this dying saint, grace seemed more illustrious at the conclusion of the work. The God whom she had so faithfully served kept back the king of terrors with so strong an arm that she never saw him. But she was not ignorant that her end was nigh. And as it is pleasing to know what thoughts have filled the souls of the saints in their last moments, some of hers are here given.

"Pardon, constant pardon—I have never had any thing else to depend upon. I am a pardoned and redeemed sinner."

There was no complaint or the least sign of impatience, though on one occasion, she said, "I

was tempted to complain within, but I looked to the Lord, and he heard me and delivered me." She desired no obituary notice to be written or mention to be made of what she had done by partial friends, and the writer trusts that it is not to honour *her*, that he departs from one of the last requests of her humility, but her LORD AND MASTER, whom she now sees and worships, &c.

She did not converse much, appearing to be mostly occupied in deep and pleasing thought.

On one occasion apparently filled with gratitude for the happy state she was in, she said, "When my Saviour died his Father's countenance was hidden from him, but it is not hidden from me, it shines upon me constantly—I have sweet and heavenly visions as I lie upon this bed."

At another time not long before her death, appearing to be engaged in meditation, she said, "This is a lovely hour," but did not tell the subject of her thoughts, and a little while after with a singular radiance upon her countenance and an emphasis so peculiar as not to be described in words—"My whole heart and soul seem rising to heaven in the sweetest manner."—Yet all was serene.

At about the hour of midnight and near the time when the mortal strife in her dissolving frame was greatest, a cloud arose attended with heavy thunder and the most vivid flashes of lightning, creating in those around her bed the usual impressions of alarm. A tree near the house was torn in pieces by a stroke, which also broke the glass in the room opening into her chamber. With an animated countenance she said, pointing to the windows through which she saw the fields illuminated by the electric fluid, "How glorious, how delightful is this to me—see—this is the power of My God."

As the storm gradually subsided without, and the voice of God in the thunder was heard more remote, so that of his servant as if in harmony with the scene grew less distinct, and we gathered around to hear its last accents. But ere we were aware, she had receded so far into the valley of the shadow of death that her voice could no longer be heard by us. With a smile of peace upon her countenance, and in a most affectionate manner, she held her hand, already cold, upon the faces of kneeling friends who were nearest to her, then gathering up her arms into the bed she fell into a

sweet sleep, which continued but a short time before her breath could be heard no longer, and all was still.

A solemn silence ensued which none were disposed to break. We lingered unwilling to interrupt the frame in which she left us, or to leave the spot whence she departed, and where last we heard her voice, as the disciples would fain have continued in the place where they had heard the voices of Moses and Elias.

Oh death where was thy sting! A feeble, fearful female encountered all thy terrors, without so much as an apprehension of evil. It did not seem so much like a death as like a translation. The body is indeed consigned to earth, to wait in darkness and silence for the resurrection; but the soul lives and triumphs and rejoices in open visions of God and of Christ.

And so as to the departure of this eminent servant of God, we have endeavoured to meet the reasonable curiosity of a reader who delights to dwell on that which grace has effected for those who have died in the Lord. Faith strengthened by example overcomes that fear which hath torment and expects the victory.

When the news of Mrs. Page's death reached the Colony, a number of those whom she had emancipated from slavery joined in a letter expressive of their sorrow for the event—of their sense of the debt of gratitude which they owed her, and of the affection which they bore to her memory. Numerous testimonies were borne to the lustre which her character had shed upon the gospel profession.

The following is retained from an article written by the secretary of the institution to which she devoted so large a portion of her energies. It was published in the Christian Statesman, shortly after her death.

"From the time when this most excellent woman regarded herself as the disciple of Christ, her life was a beautiful and impressive example of the purest and most sublime virtues of Christianity. Her humility was profound—her zeal intense—her love to the Saviour and his cause surpassing all other affections—her charity as large as the wants and miseries of our nature. Her religious sentiments seemed blended with all her thoughts and feelings, and inwrought into the very frame and constitution of her being. For her to live was Christ; all other objects

were subordinated to the advancement of his cause. Compared with his favour she counted all things but loss. Her service was not a service of fear, but of confidence—of gratitude —of love.

"Her trust in Providence was most remarkable. In the darkest seasons and events there was light in her dwelling. She never doubted the active presence of a power which although invisible controls all things.

"Self-denial, and disinterestedness were among the most deeply marked traits of her character. Forgetful of herself, she daily conferred benefits on others. To do good was her employment and delight; and in her experience she realized the truth of our Saviour's words, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' No human being was too ignorant —too obscure—or too wretched to be noticed and relieved by her. Her tender compassion for the weak and helpless, was a striking feature in her benevolence. Like the great Pascal, she could say, 'I love the poor,' and add, as he did, among other reasons besides their own trials and sufferings, 'because Jesus Christ loved them.'

"Of the number of her good deeds, her

blessed words, her prayers, and her plans of extensive usefulness, a volume might, and we trust will be written."

That work, often urged upon the writer, has been here attempted, and with the expression of one or two thoughts, which have been deeply impressed upon his mind, from the materials brought before him in the preparation of this brief memoir, it will be concluded.

First, Her ever-conscious experience of the faithfulness of God. The comfort and support derived from this thought, she never lost. And the more she trusted in God, and endeavoured by faith to place all her affairs in his hand, the more—like Abraham of old—she proved the unchangeable faithfulness of God to his people; and let it be recorded to the praise of the glory of his grace, in behalf of one whom he redeemed, called, renewed, sanctified, and now has glorified. The earlier parts of his work, he gave us to see; the last act is done in heaven, where every stipulation of the covenant is fulfilled.

Secondly, The wisdom of the choice which she made. It must have been wise, though the happiness of religion were wholly confined to this world. Should it even prove

that there is no heaven—no hell—no judgment to come—and no eternity—let the world say whether he who lives as though there were, is not both a better and a happier man than he who lives uninfluenced by these considerations. The peace, the solid satisfaction enjoyed from day to day by the subject of this memoir, from her hope in God, was such as no worldly man ever felt. Again, with regard to the degree to which she carried her religion, her choice was equally wise, irrespective of the just claims of God. She rose above every doubt of her acceptance in Christ. The unspeakable blessedness and joy of being scripturally assured of their salvation can never be known to those who undertake the service of God with a divided heart. Those, and those only, who cast their choicest gifts into the treasury of the Lord, have a right to expect the return of Heaven's choicest gifts upon their souls. How often has God shown his power to make such happy? though they be without honours, without worldly pleasures, and without the smiles of creatures. We have seen with what peace they possess their souls in trial, and heard them say with composure, when every earthly hope has

failed, "my witness is in heaven, my record is on high, and my Redeemer lives."

And when death comes, which is nature's terror, contrast their assured and triumphant hope with the misgivings, the fears, and the failings of heart, which station themselves at the gate of departure, to the unresolved and backsliding soul. Distracting conflicts there are none. Hear some—so far from fear—address the pale king with triumph, and say "Be it known to thee, O Death, that although I cannot now resist thy hand, or escape thy arrest, I shall one day be brought up from thy territories with Almighty power,"—or to say in a frame less triumphant, but not less secure,

> "I shall see his face,
> I shall his love adore,
> And sing the wonders of his grace
> For evermore."

Reader, is there wisdom in thus adventuring all for Christ, or is there not? You have seen the issue of the choice made by the subject of this narrative. Let this be compared with the probable issue of the choice of those who, when called of God like her, decline by any formal act or determination of heart, to be wholly for Christ, but virtually decide that

the indulgences of a worldly life, are not to be entirely renounced. Estimate the wisdom of that decision in the light reflected from an eternal world. What will their reflections be when their worldliness has run its course? when they shall have had their way, and received the penny which they agreed for? Consider what will be their apprehensions in the retrospect of life under an awakened conscience, and what their regrets when the day of usefulness is past!

Should the example just given, move you to the entire consecration of yourself to the service of your Redeemer, how can you tell but that God has caused it to pass before you for that very purpose? His will is your sanctification; and his Spirit is waiting to accomplish in you that blessed work. The covenant in which he engages to purify you from all iniquity is well ordered and sure. "Hath He said and shall he not do it? Hath He spoken and shall he not make it good?"

THE END.

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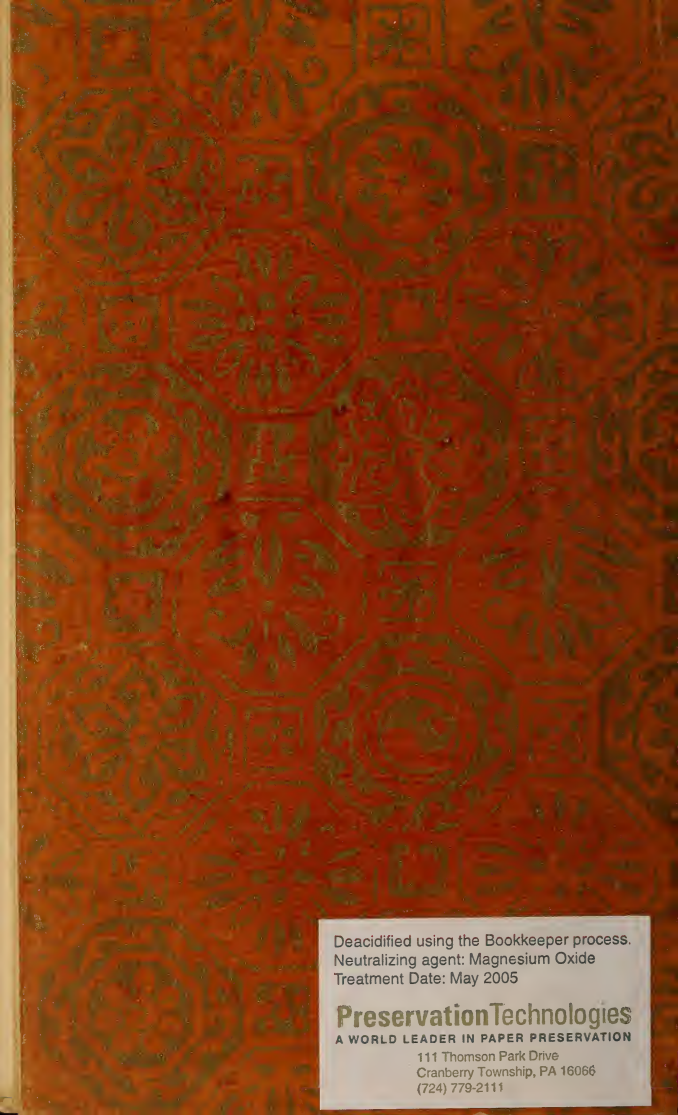

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